

Exhibit E

From: REED RODRICK CARDALE (03846112)
Sent Date: Wednesday, May 19, 2021 8:53 PM
To: kathy.theparalegal@gmail.com
Subject: Hon. Judge Philips

Dear Judge Philips,

It has been 15 years since I last stood in your courtroom and was sentenced to life in prison. I am not proud of who I was then or the things I was doing that brought me to life in prison. Back then I made a lot of excuses about my bad choices. Today I have a different view of things. I do what I can to be a good influence on the people around me, just like I would do if one day I got a second chance for life on the outside.

In the beginning I was concentrated on what I had lost and what I was missing. My boys were my biggest concern. Tristan was a newborn and he was with his grandmother, Virgie. And my sister Angela was taking care of Nidrick who was 4 and Rodrick who was 2 because their mother died two months after I was arrested. I remember like it was yesterday when Angela brought the boys to San Bernardino jail to see me. Rodrick was so little that he was sitting on the ledge at the window while I tried to talk to them on the jail phone. Both of them were wearing baggy, gang style clothes and they were flipping gang signs. I was seeing red after that visit. I was so mad. I started calling everyone I could think of in order to get the kids away from my sister and into good environment. It took a lot of work but thankfully my Uncle James and his wife Barbara and her family stepped in and provided a good home for Nidrick and Rodick.

But that got me to thinking in a different way about how my crimes had contributed to making a bad environment for other people's kids. Instead of working to bring positive change to the community where I grew up, I had been doing things that just kept making everything worse and kept the cycle going. I was a major contributor to a cycle of drugs and gangs in the area where I lived. I can't change what I did back then but I can do things now to help change the world where I live.

After I was sentenced I was designated to Atwater. I have a good record here. I have only been written up one time and that was for phone abuse. I got that write-up because I was desperate to get a hold of my cousin who was making the 6 hour drive to visit me. I needed to stop him from coming because Barbara was bringing my son Nidrick to see me as he was going through a really rough spell dealing with my incarceration. You can see by my record that I work and take classes. I associate with people who believe in changing themselves and doing what we can to make the world a better place. I am qualified to be transferred to a BOP with lower security rating but I can't go to Victorville because the separatee orders from my original case have not been withdrawn by the government and that is where George Williams is serving time. I could go somewhere else in the system but then the trip for the people who visit me would be much further than 6 hours each way.

The good people who have stood by me and supported me for all of these years encourage me to have faith in the future. I know I have matured and changed over the last 18 years since my arrest. Inside the prison you can surround yourself with negative influences or find positive people who want to change and be better people. I have found people like that and some of them have even gone back into the world even though they originally had life sentences. Most of them are my age and I think that helps. It is a good feeling to see them moving forward in a good direction. That's what I want to do. Not everyone is a success story. I get sad when I hear about someone who I spent a lot of time with here who I thought was leaving with their head on straight, and then they end up back in prison or even dead.

I have seen people give up. But I have seen others who like me, never stop believing that a miracle might happen and we might get a second chance at life. It's been 18 years now that I answer to a number, not my name. I dream about a day when people might call me by my name again. I would like to wake up in the same house with my kids and one day soon with grandkids. I am still young enough to work a real job and think about maybe having my own small business, restoring old cars or something where I work with my hands. And I dream of using my experience to counsel youngsters against gangs and drugs and be a part of a community movement to support kids in their schooling and a belief in their future.

I want a second chance at life and if I get it, I will make everyone proud.

Sincerely,

RODRICK REED